





"Mr. Chatterbox, I have already informed you that I am not a member of the Board of Trustees. Whether he is alive or whether he is dead, I know not. You can not know his present name, I do."

"He was engaged to be married with the daughter of Mr. Flood, and he had the letter—his letter—before him."

"What part of a thing do you call that?" he indignantly uttered. "Connell & Connell must be infamous men to write that."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Flood, who had got his eyes opened on the subject, "there's more in this than meets the eye."

"You don't think it's a joke—done to say—me?"

"A joke! Connell & Connell would not find themselves to a joke. No, I don't."

"Then what do you think?"

Mr. Flood was several minutes before he replied, and his silence drove Mr. Chatterbox to the verge of exasperation.

"It is difficult to know what to think," he gravely said. "I should be inclined to say they have been brought into personal communication with Rupert Treviña, or with somebody acting for him; perhaps the latter is the most probable. And I should also say they must have been convinced, by documentary or other evidence, of there existing a good foundation for Rupert's claims to the Hold. Mr. Chatterbox—if I may speak the truth to you—I should dread this letter."

Mr. Chatterbox felt as if a bucket of cold water had been suddenly flung over him, and was dripping down his back.

"Why is it that you turn against me?"

"Turn against you! I don't know what you mean. I don't turn against you; quite the opposite. I am willing to not for you, to do anything I legally can to meet the fact."

"Why do you fear it?"

"Because Connell, Connell & Ray, are men and cautious practitioners as well as honorable men, and I do not think they would write such a decided letter as this, unless they knew they were fully justified in it, and were prepared to follow it out," was the concluding reply of the lawyer.

"You are a pretty Job's comforter!" gasped Mr. Chatterbox.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## A DAY OF MISADVENTURE.

Rebecca the servant was true. She was true and crafty in her faithfulness to her mistress, and she contrived to get various delicacies prepared and conveyed unobservedly under her apron, watching her opportunity, to the sitting-room of Madam, where they were hidden away in a closet and the key turned upon them. So far, so good; but that was not all; and the greatest difficulty lay behind—the transporting them to Rupert.

The little tricks and ruses that the lodge and those in its secret learnt to be expert in at this time, were worthy of the most private inquiry office going. Ann Canham, at some given hour named, would be standing at the open door of the lodge, apparently enjoying an interlude of idleness; and Mrs. Chatterbox, with timid steps, and eyes that wandered everywhere lest witnesses were about, would come down the avenue: opposite the lodge door, by some sleight of hand, a parcel, or a basket, or a bottle would be transferred from under her large shawl to Ann Canham's hands. The latter would close the door and slip the bolt, while the lady would walk swiftly on through the gate, for the purpose of taking foot exercise in the road. Or perhaps it would be Maude to go through this little rehearsal, instead of Madam. But at the best it was all difficult of accomplishment for many reasons, and might at any time be stopped. If only the extra cooking in the kitchen came to the knowledge of the Hold's real mistress, Miss Diana Treviña, it would be quite impossible to venture to continue that cooking, and next to impossible to conceal longer the proximity of Rupert.

It was only at night that Mrs. Chatterbox ventured to enter the lodge; or, rather, at the dusk of evening. In broad daylight she dared not enter, and had she been missed from home after actual nightfall, no end of inquiries would have come from the girls as to what had become of mamma; but it was nothing strange that she should take a walk by twilight. One day, which must surely have dawned under some unlucky star, a disastrous contrivance ensued.

It happened that Miss Diana Treviña had arranged to take the Miss Chatterboxes to a morning concert at Barmester. Maude might have gone, but excused herself to Miss Diana: while the fate of Rupert hung in the balance it was scarcely seemly, she urged, that she should be seen at public festivals. Oris had gone out shooting that day; Mr. Chatterbox, as was supposed, was at Barmester; and when dinner was served, only Mrs. Chatterbox and Maude sat down to it. It was a plain dinner—a piece of roast beef; and during a momentary absence of Maude, who was waiting at table, Maude exclaimed in a low tone—

"Aunt Edith, if we could but get a slice of this to Rupert; not, as it is!"

"I was thinking of it," said Mrs. Chatterbox. "If—"

The servant returned to the room, and the conversation was stopped. But the mistress,

under some other pretext, got up, and being in the kitchen, she opened the door, and then the thought struck her. A small round cake, which had happened to be on the table, was made the receptacle for some of the hot meat, and Maude put on her bonnet and stole away with it.

An unlucky venture. In her haste to reach the lodge unobserved, she split some of the gravy, and was stopping to wipe it with her handkerchief from the tureen, fearing for her dress, when she was interrupted by Mr. Chatterbox. It was close to the lodge. Maude's heart, as the saying runs, came into her mouth.

"What's that? Where are you taking it to?" he demanded, for his eye had caught the tureen before she could scuffle it under her mantle.

He promptly took it from her unresisting hand, raised the cover, and saw two tempting slices of hot roast beef, and part of a cauliflower. Had Maude witnessed the actual discovery of Rupert by Mr. Chatterbox, she could not have felt more utterly sick: her face, in its scared dread, was a sight to look upon.

"I ask you to whom you were taking this?"

His resolute face, his concentrated tones of anger, coupled with his own terror, were more than poor Maude could brave. "To Mark Canham," she faltered. There was no one whatever, save him, whom she could mention with the least plausibility; and she could not pretend to be only taking a walk, and carrying a tureen of meat with her for pleasure.

"Was it Maude's design, to send this?"

Again she could only answer in the affirmative. She might not say it was a servant's, she might not say it was herself: there was but Mrs. Chatterbox. Mr. Chatterbox stalked off to the Hold, tureen in hand.

His wife sat at the dinner table, and James was removing some little turtles from it as he entered. It was a very Benjamin's portion for anybody's dinner; there was no doubt of that; more, in fact, than one man could eat, unless his appetite was remarkably good. This fact did not tend to lessen the anger or the astonishment of Mr. Chatterbox: he stared at the meat, he turned it over and over, he held it out on his fork to Mrs. Chatterbox that she might not forget the quantity; and he talked and reproached so fast that his poor wife, between mortification and terror, burst into tears; and James, who possessed more delicacy than his master, made his escape from the room. Maude had not dared to re-enter it.

The scene came to an end; all such scenes do, it is to be hoped; and the afternoon went on. Mr. Chatterbox went out again, Oris had not come in, Miss Diana and the young ladies did not return, and Mrs. Chatterbox and Maude were still alone.

"I shall go down to see him, Maude," the former said in a low tone, breaking an unhappy silence. "And I shall take him some thing to eat; I will risk it. He has had nothing from us to-day."

Maude scarcely knew what to answer: her own fright was not got over yet. Mrs. Chatterbox dressed herself, took the little provision basket—they dared not make it a large one—and went out. It was dusk—all but dark; Mrs. Chatterbox was surprised to find it so dark, but the evening was a gloomy one. Scarcely daring to proceed, looking here, peering there, with slow and cautious steps she walked. Meeting nobody, she gained the lodge, opened its door with a quick hand, and—stole away again silently and swiftly with perhaps the greatest terror she had ever felt, rushing over her heart.

For, the first figure she saw there was that of her husband, and the first voice she heard was his. She pushed her way amidst the trunks of the nearly leafless trees, and concealed herself as she best could.

In returning that evening it had struck Mr. Chatterbox as he passed the lodge that he could not do better than favor old Canham with a piece of his mind, and forbid him, under pain of being instantly dismissed and discarded, to rob the Hold (it was so he phrased it) of so much as a scrap of bread. Old Canham, knowing what there was at stake, took it patiently, never denying that the beef (which Mr. Chatterbox enlarged upon) might have been meant for him. Ann Canham stood on the upright staircase, against the closed chamber of Rupert, shivering and shaking; and poor Rupert himself, who had not failed to hear and recognize that loud voice, lay as one in an agony.

Mr. Chatterbox was in the midst of his last sentence of reproof, which became louder and harsher as the winding-up drew near, when the front door was suddenly flung open, and as suddenly shut again. He had his back to it, but he turned round just in time to catch a glimpse of somebody's petticoats before the door closed.

It was a somewhat singular proceeding, and Mr. Chatterbox, always curious and sus-

ceptible, could not help but get a slice of this to Rupert; not, as it is!"

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## THE DYING SOLDIER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That soldier on your side, Dick Dale,  
My comrade old and true,  
And let me of the glad earth take  
One last and happy view.  
What joy to see your face again,  
Of this old soldier's face,  
You're dead on old friend's face, Dick Dale,  
Above your comrade dead.

We've fought together, side by side,  
In many a bloody day,  
From Midway Hill's dark hour of strife,  
To New England's day.  
And when again the "long roll" calls  
For battle to prepare,  
You will not fall the flag, Dick Dale,  
But I shall not be there.

You will not soon forget me, Dick!  
I know it by that sigh;  
I know it by those tears which shine  
In your half-closed eye.  
But my dear old comrade's heart will swell,  
I know with honest pride,  
When he thinks that for the grand old flag  
His old comrade died.

Out of this light brown lock, Dick Dale,  
For the girl who waits at home,  
You're hoping waits her soldier love,  
Who never more can come.  
I'll soothe perhaps her bleeding heart,  
To know that watched by you,  
The boy she loved at least has died  
With one who loved him too.

You'll visit all the quiet old souls  
We sought when we were boys,  
And thoughts of me will come, Dick Dale,  
With thoughts of childhood's joys;  
And when you reach the old play ground  
Where once we used to play,  
You'll not forget your friend, Dick Dale,  
In his lone grave far away.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUBRA FLOYD,"  
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

A BRIEF TRIUMPH.

Eleanor Monckton's first impulse was to rush into the room and denounce Launcelot Darrell in the presence of those who would be sure to come in answer to her call. He would be scarcely likely to find much mercy at the hands of his aunts; he would stand before them a detected wretch, capable of any crime, of any treachery, for the furtherance of his own interest.

But a second impulse, as rapid as the first, restrained the impetuous girl. She wanted to know the end, she wanted to see what these two plotters would do next. Under the influence of her desire to rush into the room, she had moved forward a few paces, rustling the leaves about her as she stirred. The Frenchman's acute hearing had detected that rustling sound.

"Quick, quick," he whispered; "take the keys back, there is some one in the garden." Launcelot Darrell had risen from his knees. The door between the study and the dressing-room had been left ajar; the young man pushed it open, and hurried away with the keys in his hand. Victor Bourdon closed his lantern, and came to the window. He thrust aside the venetian shutters, and stepped out into the garden. Eleanor crouched down with her back flat against the wall, completely sheltered by the laurels. The Frenchman commenced his search among the bushes on the right of the window, Eleanor's hiding place was on the left. This gave her a moment's breathing time.

"The will!" she thought in that one moment, "they have left the genuine will upon the chair by the cabinet. If I could get that!"

The thought had flashed like lightning through her brain. Reckless in her excitement, she rose from her crouching position, and slid rapidly and noiselessly across the threshold of the open window into the study, before Victor Bourdon had finished his examination of the shrubs on the right.

Her excitement seemed to intensify every sense. The only light in the room was a faint ray which came across the small intermediate chamber from the open door of Maurice de Crespigny's bedroom. This light was very little, but the open door was opposite the cabinet, and what light there was fell upon the very spot towards which Eleanor's dilated eyes looked. She could see the outline of the paper on the chair; she could see the other paper on the floor, faint and gray in the dim glimmer from the distant window.

She reached the will from the chair, and thrust it into the pocket of her dress; she picked up the other paper from the floor, and placed it on the chair. Then, with her face and figure shrouded in the loose cloak that she had taken from the closet, she went back into the garden.

Launcelot Darrell came back to the study about the moment when Eleanor had left it. He was breathing quickly, and stepped to wipe his forehead once more with his handkerchief.

"Bourdon!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Bourdon, where are you?"

The Frenchman crossed the threshold of the window as the young man called to him.

"I have been on the look-out for spies," he said.

"Have you seen any one?"

"No; I fancy it was a false alarm."

"Come, then," said Launcelot Darrell, "we have been luckier than I thought we should be."

"Haden't you better unlock that door before we leave?" asked Monsieur Bourdon, pointing to the door which communicated with the other part of the house. Launcelot had locked it on first entering the study, and had thus secured himself from any surprise in that direction. The two men were going away when Monsieur Bourdon stopped suddenly.

"You've forgotten something, my friend," he whispered, laying his hand on Launcelot's shoulder.

"What?"

"The will, the genuine will," answered the Frenchman, pointing to the chair. "It would be a clever thing to leave that behind, eh?"

Launcelot started, and put his hand to his forehead.

"I must be mad," he muttered; "this business is too much for my brain. Why did you lead me into it, Bourdon? Are you the Devil, that you must always prompt me to some new mischief?"

"You shall ask me that next week, my friend, when you are the master of this house. Get that paper there, and come away: unless you want to stop till your maiden aunts make their appearance."

Launcelot Darrell snatched up the paper which Eleanor had put upon the chair by the cabinet. He was going to thrust it into his breast-pocket, when the Frenchman took it away from him.

"You don't particularly want to keep that document; or to drop it anywhere about the garden; do you? We'll burn it, if it's all the same to you, and save them all trouble at what you call your law court—Common doctors, Proctor's Commons, eh?"

Monsieur Bourdon had put his bull's-eye lantern in his coat-pocket, after looking for spies among the evergreens. He now produced a box of fuses, and setting one of them alight, watched it fix and sparkle for a moment, and then held it beneath the corner of the document in his left hand.

The paper was slow to catch fire, and Monsieur Bourdon had occasion to light another fuse before he succeeded in doing more than scorning it. But it blazed up by-and-by, and by the light of the blaze Eleanor Monckton saw the eager faces of the two men. Launcelot Darrell's livid countenance was almost like that of a man who looks on at an assassination. The commercial traveller watched the slow burning of the document with a smile upon his face—a smile of triumph, as it seemed to Eleanor Monckton.

"Vila!" he exclaimed, as the paper dropped, a frail sheet of tinder, from his hand, and fluttered slowly to the ground. "Vila!" he cried, stamping upon the feathery gray ashes; "so much for that; and now our little scheme of to-night is safe, I fancy, my friend."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath.

"Thank God it's over," he muttered. "I wouldn't go through this business again for twenty fortunes."

Eleanor, still crouching upon the damp grass close against the wall, waited for the two men to go away. She waited, with her hands clasped upon her heart; thinking of her triumph.

The vengeance had come at last. That which she had said to Richard Thornton was about to be fulfilled. The law of the land had no power to punish Launcelot Darrell for the cowardly and treacherous act that had led to an old man's most miserable death; but the traitor had by no means placed himself at the mercy of the law.

"The will he has placed in the cabinet is a forgery," she thought; "and I have the real will in my pocket. He cannot escape me now—he cannot escape me now! His fate is in my hands."

The two men had walked past the laurels out on to the grass-plot. Eleanor rose from her crouching position, rustling the branches as she did so. At the same moment she heard voices in the distance, and saw a light gleaming through the leaves.

One of the voices that she had heard was her husband's.

"So much the better," she thought. "I will tell him what Launcelot Darrell is. I will tell him to-night."

The voices and the lights came nearer, and she heard Gilbert Monckton say:

"Impossible, Miss Sarah. Why should my wife stop here? She must have gone back to Tolldale; and I have been unlucky enough to miss her on the way."

The lawyer had scarcely spoken when, by the light of the lantern which he held, he saw Launcelot Darrell making off into the shrubbery that surrounded the grass-plot.

The young man had not succeeded in escaping from the open space into this friend-

ly shelter before Gilbert Monckton perceived him.

Monsieur Bourdon, perhaps better accustomed to take to his heels, had been more fortunate, and had plunged in amongst the evergreens at the first sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Darrell!" cried Mr. Monckton, "what in Heaven's name brings you here?"

The young man stood for a few moments, irresolute, and sullen-looking.

"I've as good a right to be here as any one else, I suppose," he said. "I heard of my uncle's death—and—and—I came to ascertain if there was any truth in the report."

"You heard of my beloved uncle's death?" cried Miss Sarah de Crespigny, peering sharply at her nephew from under the shadow of a porthole-like garden hood, in which she had invested herself before venturing into the night-air. "How could you have heard of the sad event? My sister and I gave special orders that no report should go abroad until to-morrow morning."

Mr. Darrell did not care to say that one of the Woodlands servants was in his pay; and that the same servant, being no other than Brooks the gardener, had galloped over to Hazlewood, to communicate the tidings of his master's death, before starting for Windsor.

"I did hear of it," Launcelot said, "and that's enough. I came to ascertain if it was true."

"But you were going away from the house when I saw you?" said Mr. Monckton, rather suspiciously.

"I was not going away from the house, for I had not been to the house," Launcelot answered, in the same tone as before.

He spoke in a sulky, grudging manner, because he knew that he was telling a deliberate lie. He was a man who always did wrong acts under protest, as being forced to do them by the injustice of the world; and he held society responsible for all his errors.

"Have you seen my wife?" Gilbert asked, still suspiciously.

"No. I have only this moment come. I have not seen anybody."

"I must have missed her," muttered the lawyer, with an anxious air. "I must have missed her between this and Tolldale. Nobody saw her leave the house. She went out without leaving any message, and I guessed at once that she had come up here. It's very odd."

"It is very odd!" Miss Sarah repeated, with spiteful emphasis. "I must confess that for my own part I do not see what motive Mrs. Monckton could have had for rushing up here in the dead of the night."

The time which Miss Sarah de Crespigny spoke of as the dead of the night had been something between ten and eleven o'clock. It was now past eleven.

The lawyer and Miss de Crespigny walked slowly along the gravelled pathway that led from the grass plot and shrubbery to the other side of the house. Launcelot Darrell went with them, lounging by his aunt's side, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to kick the pebbles from his pathway.

It was impossible to imagine anything more despicable than this young man's aspect. Hating himself for what he had done; hating the man who had prompted him to do it; angry against the very workings of Providence—since by his reasoning it was Providence, or his Destiny, or some power or other against which he had made ground for rebellion, that had caused all the mischief and dishonor of his life—he went unwillingly to act out the part which he had taken upon himself, and to do his best to throw Gilbert Monckton off the scent.

His mind was too much disturbed for him to be able clearly to realize the danger of his position. To have been seen there was ruin—perhaps! If by-and-by any doubts should arise as to the validity of the will that would be found in Maurice de Crespigny's secretary, would it not be remembered that he, Launcelot Darrell, had been seen lurking about the house on the night of the old man's death, and had been only able to give a very lame explanation of his motives for being there. He thought of this as he walked by his aunt's side. He thought of this, and began to wonder if it might not be possible to undo what had been done? No, it was impossible. The crime had been committed. A step had been taken which could never be retraced, for Victor Bourdon had burned the real will.

"Curse his officiousness," thought the young man. "I could have undone it all but for that."

As the lawyer and his two companions reached the angle of the house on their way to the front entrance, whence Mr. Monckton and Miss de Crespigny had come into the garden, a dark figure, shrouded in a loose cloak, emerged from amidst the shrubs by the windows of the dead man's apartments, and approached them.

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer, suddenly. His heart began to beat violently as he asked the question. It was quite a supereogatory question; for he knew well enough that it was his wife who stood before him.

"It is I, Gilbert," Eleanor said, quietly.

"You here, Mrs. Monckton?" exclaimed her husband, in a harsh voice, that seemed to ring through the air like the vibration of metal that has been struck—"you here, hiding in this shrubbery?"

"Yes, I am here, and how long have I been here? It seems half a century to me."

"You came here exactly twenty minutes ago, Mrs. Monckton," Miss de Crespigny answered, idly.

"And by a really remarkable coincidence," cried Gilbert Monckton, in the same unattractive voice in which he had spoken before, "Mr. Darrell happens to be here too; only I must do you the justice to say, Mrs. Monckton, that you appear less discomposed than the gentleman. Ladies always have the advantage of us; they can carry off these things so easily; deception seems to come natural to them."

"Deception?" repeated Eleanor.

"What did he mean? Why was he angry with her? She wondered at his manner as she walked with him to the house. No suspicion of the real nature of her husband's feelings entered her mind. The absorbing idea of her life was the desire to punish her father's destroyer; and how could she imagine that her husband was tortured by jealous suspicions of this man: of this man, who of all the living creatures upon the earth was most hateful to her? How could she, knowing her own feelings, and taking it for granted that these feelings were more or less obvious to other people,—how could she imagine the state of Gilbert Monckton's mind?"

She went into the hall with her husband, followed by Miss Sarah de Crespigny and Launcelot Darrell, and from the hall into the sitting-room usually occupied by the two ladies. A lamp burned brightly upon the centre-table, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny sat near it, with some devotional book in her hand. I think she tried her best to be devout, and to employ herself with serious reflections upon the dread event that had so lately happened; but the fatal power of the old man's wealth was stronger than any holier influence, and I fear that Miss Lavinia's thoughts very often wandered away from the page on which her eyes were fixed, into sundry intricate calculations of the cumulative interest upon Exchequer bills, India five per cents, and Great Western Railway shares.

"I must have an explanation of this business," Mr. Monckton said; "it is time that we should all understand each other. There has been too much mystification, and I am most heartily tired of it."

He walked to the fire-place and leaned his elbow upon the marble chimney-piece. From this position he commanded a view of every one in the room. Launcelot Darrell flung himself into a chair by the table, nearly opposite his aunt Lavinia. He did not trouble himself to notice this lady, nor did he bow to Eleanor; he sat with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, and he employed himself by biting his nails and beating his heel upon the carpet. He was still thinking as he had thought in the garden.

"If I could only undo what I have done. If I could only undo the work of the last quarter of an hour, and stand right with the world again."

But in this intense desire that had taken possession of Launcelot Darrell's mind there was mingled no regretful horror of the wickedness of what he had done; no remorseful sense of the great injustice which he had plotted; no wish to atone or to restore. It was selfishness alone that influenced his every thought. He wanted to put himself right. He hated this new position, which for the last few minutes he had occupied for the first time in his life; the position of a deliberate criminal amenable to the laws by which the commonest felons are tried, liable to suffer as the commonest felons suffer.

It seemed to him as if his brain had been paralyzed until now; it seemed to him as if he had acted in a stupor or a dream; and that he now for the first time comprehended the nature of the deed which he had done, and was able to foresee the possible consequences of his own act.

"I have committed forgery," he thought. "If my crime is discovered I shall be sent to Bermuda to work among gangs of murderous ruffians till I drop down dead. If my crime is discovered! How shall I ever be safe from discovery, when I am at the mercy of the wretches who helped me?"

Eleanor threw off her cloak, but she refused to sit down in the chair which Miss Sarah offered her. She stood divided by the width of half the room from her husband, with her face fronting him, in the full glare of the lamp-light. Her large gray eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks were flushed, her hair fell loosely about her face, and, brown in the shadow, glittered like ruddy gold in the light.

In all the beauty of her girlhood, from the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had first seen her until to-night, she had never looked so beautiful as she looked now. The same that she had triumphed, the thought that she held the power to avenge her father's death, lent an unnatural brilliancy to her loveliness. She was no longer an ordinary woman, only gifted with the earthly charms of lovely womanhood; she was a splendid Nemesis radiant with a supernatural beauty.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## LOST.

"You asked me why I came here to-night," she said, looking at her husband.

"I will tell you, Gilbert, but I must tell you a long story first, almost all the story of my life."

Her voice, resonant and musical, roused Launcelot Darrell from his gloomy abstraction. He looked up at Eleanor, and for the first time began to wonder how and why she had come there. They had met her in the garden. Why had she been there? What had she been doing there? Could it be possible that she had played the spy upon him? No! Surely there could be no fear of that? What reason should she have for suspecting or watching him? That terror was too cowardly, too absurd, he thought; but such foolish and unnecessary fears would be the perpetual torment of his life henceforward.

"You remember, Gilbert," Eleanor continued, "that when I promised to be your wife, I told you my real name, and asked you to keep that name a secret from the people in this house; and from Launcelot Darrell."

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I remember."

Even in the midst of the tortures which arose out of his jealousy and suspicion, and which to-night had reached their climax, and had taken entire possession of the lawyer's mind, there was some half-doubtful feeling of wonder at Eleanor's calm and self-assured manner.

And yet she was deceiving him. He knew that. He had long ago determined that this second hazard of his life was to result in ignominious failure, like the first. He had been deceived before; gulled, hoodwinked, fooled, jilted; and the traitress had smiled in his face, with the innocent smile of a guileless child. Eleanor was perhaps even more skilled in treachery than that first traitress; but that was all.

"I will not be deluded by her again," he thought, as he looked gloomily at the beautiful face opposite to him; "nothing she can say shall make me her dupe again."

"Shall I tell you why I asked you to keep that secret for me, Gilbert?" continued Eleanor; "I did so because I had a motive for coming back to the neighborhood of this place. A motive that was stronger than my love for you—though I did love you, Gilbert, better than I thought; if I thought at all of anything except that other motive which was the one purpose of my life."

Mr. Monckton's upper lip curled scornfully. Love him! That was too poor a fancy. What had he ever been but a dupe and a cat's-paw for a false woman; fooled and cheated many years ago in his early manhood; fooled and cheated to-day in his prime of life. He smiled contemptuously at the thought of his own folly.

"Launcelot Darrell," cried Eleanor, suddenly, in an altered voice, "shall I tell you why I was so eager to come back to this neighborhood? Shall I tell you why I wanted the secret of my name kept from you and from your kindred?"

The young man lifted his head and looked at Eleanor. Wonder and terror were both expressed in his countenance. He wondered why Gilbert Monckton's wife addressed him with such earnestness. He was afraid without knowing what he feared.

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Monckton," he faltered. "What could I have to do with your false name, or your coming back to this place?"

"EVERETTINO!" cried Eleanor; "it was to be near you that I came back here."

"I thought as much," muttered the lawyer, under his breath.

"It was to be near you that I came back," Eleanor repeated, "it was to be near you, Launcelot Darrell, that I was so eager to come back; so eager, that I would have stooped to any stratagem, encountered any risk, if by so doing I could have hastened my return. It was for this that I took the most solemn step a woman can take, without stopping to think of its solemnity. It was to deceive you that I kept my name a secret. It was to denounce you as the wretch who cheated a helpless old man out of the money that was not his own, and thus drove him to a shameful and a sinful death, that I came here. I have watched and waited long for this moment. It has come at last. Thank Heaven, it has come at last!"

Launcelot Darrell rose suddenly from his chair. His white face was still turned towards Eleanor; his eyes were fixed in a stare of horror. At first, perhaps, he contemplated rushing out of the room, and getting away from this woman, who had recalled the sin of the past, at a moment when his brain was maddened by the crime of the present. But he stopped, fascinated by some irresistible power in the beautiful face before him. Eleanor stood between the coward and the door. He could not pass her.

"You know who I am now, Launcelot Darrell, and you know how much mercy you can expect from me," this girl continued, in the clear, ringing voice in which she had first addressed her enemy. "You remember the eleventh of August. You remember the night upon which you met my father upon the Boulevard. I stood by his side upon that night. I was hanging upon his arm, when you and your vile associate tempted him away from me. Heaven knows how dearly I loved him; Heaven knows how happily I looked forward to a life in which I might be with him and work for him. Heaven only knows how happily that bright dream might have been realized—but for you—but for you. May an old man's

life have been as long as mine? I have lived long, almost all the story of my life."

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"My wife is rich enough to be above any suspicion of that kind, Miss de Crespigny." Gilbert Monckton said, smiling.

"I came too late," Eleanor said; "I came too late to see my father's friend, but not too late for what I have so long prayed for—revenge upon my father's destroyer. Look at your sister's son, Miss de Crespigny. Look at him, Miss Lavinia; you have good reason to be proud of him. He has been a liar and a traitor from first to last; and to-night he has advanced from treachery to crime. The law could not punish him for the cruelty that killed a helpless old man; the law can punish him for that which he has done to-night, for he has committed a crime."

"A crime?"

"Yes. He has kept like a thief into the house in which his uncle lies dead, and has introduced some document—a will of his own fabrication, no doubt—in the place of the genuine will left in Mr. de Crespigny's private secretary's hands."

"How do you know this, Eleanor?" cried Gilbert Monckton.

"I know it because I was outside the window of the study when he changed the papers in the cabinet, and because I have the real will in my possession."

"It is a lie!" shouted Laurence Darrell, starting to his feet, "a damnable lie, the real will!"

"Was burnt, as you think, Mr. Darrell; but you are mistaken. The document which your friend Monsieur Victor Bourdon burnt was a paper which you dropped out of the secretary's while you were searching for the will."

"And where is the genuine document, Eleanor?" Gilbert asked.

"Here," answered his wife, triumphantly. She put her hand into her pocket. It was empty. The will was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebbed away!  
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,  
Nor swaying amidst seaweed false that mocks  
The hues of garden gay;  
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;  
No lucid pools reflecting Heaven's clear brow—  
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;  
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry,  
That not a tide might ever have swept by,  
Stirring it with rude moan;  
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown  
To rot beneath the sky, till what has been;  
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountain rise,  
And the broad estuary widens out,  
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about  
Seward, a white bird flies;  
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes  
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea  
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad souls be."

Oh life, oh silent shore,  
Where we sit patient; oh, great sea beyond  
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,  
But sorrowful no more;  
But little while, and then we too shall soar  
Like white-wing'd sea-birds in the infinite Deep;  
Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.

MISS MULOCH.

## OPALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY HARRIS BYRNE.

### CHAPTER I.

Sitting by the west window I slipped the ring from my finger and held it up to the waning light. A minute before the opals had been mere dull concretions, lustreless and opaque, now how they glowed and scintillated, purple, rose and amber flashing against seas of distant flame as if the hues of a thousand sunsets had been caught and imprisoned in each frail stone.

Richard Adreon must have had a dim perception of their similitude to himself when he gave them to me; opals are splendidly fickle. I half shuddered at the time—not for that, but remembering the ancient superstition how they bring pain and sorrow to the wearer. Was it this all? I smiled at the idea, and replacing the ring on my finger, fell to thinking.

Spring always impresses me with a vague sense of unrest and weariness. In the early months, after the last snow has fallen, and before the buds begin to burst and the trees to blossom, when perchance there comes a day whose soft breath speaks it herald of the far-off summer, it seems to me as if the flower roots and bulbs must turn uneasily in the moist, dark earth, half swooning for light and air, and with faint passionate longings that reach up to the outer world. So we, impelled to newer aspirations by the life-giving forces at work about us, grope blindly for that higher light into whose broad effulgence our souls shall blossom only when the seeds are heaped over our grave.

This season the feeling had deepened into positive pain. A nameless fear was haunting me; a fear whose shadow dimmed the sunshine, checked the bounding pulses of youth, and pervaded all sweet sights and

odors of the awakening year with misty melancholy.

A tall form came up the garden walk. I stepped through the low window and stood upon the veranda, the blood for one instant flowing in swifter currents to my heart. It was not the one I expected, certainly not the one I would rather have seen, still I liked Philip St. John. At one time we had been something more than mere friends. Not that I had ever looked upon him in the light of a lover, or that he had stirred any depths of passion in my heart. There are some friendships that without being at all like love, fall just short of it—call it Platonic affection, anything you will, so long as you acknowledge the existence of the fact, and such was this. After I met Philip's friend—Richard Adreon—there was a change in his manner toward me; no special word or act that in looking back memory could catch upon; but an impalpable coolness had grown up between us, a coolness that was felt rather than understood. Perhaps he was afraid that a continuation of the old relations would affect Richard unpleasantly. Perhaps—but it is no matter what I afterwards thought. So it was that we had not met before for a long time. His greeting had something of the old cordiality in it that set me at my ease. I brought him a match with which to light the gas, and as the flame flared in my face, he gazed at me with those eyes of his, eyes that had a peculiar inverted look which baffled scrutiny, and remarked:

"You are looking pale."

"Am I?" I answered.

This somewhat laconic greeting brought silence in its train. Vexed at his steady gaze I turned half aside. I knew that he was reading my heart page by page, leaf by leaf, but though the knowledge gave me a slight annoyance the feeling went no further. Philip St. John was not the man to reveal either your secrets or his own; his was one of those manly, magnanimous natures you feel instinctively you can rely on, so I let him read on without fear—and because I could not help it.

He saw that I was annoyed, and turning away stooped over a vase of flowers upon the table. He trifled with them for a moment, inhaled their fragrance, and, picking up a volume of Burns which lay beside them, said:

"I perceive you have not forgotten your old penchant for flowers and poetry."

"No, nor ever will. Sometimes I think they are the only beautiful things in the world, the only things really worth possessing, and yet even they are so unsatisfactory. Look at these violets; I have hung over them until decay sits on their petals, yet every time their breath assails me I am dejected with an insatiable thirst, longing how vainly to reach their odorous secret. As for poetry, it makes me mad—but you are not listening to a word I say—he was marking in the volume he held in his hand.

"Yes I am," he said, putting the book away, "you were just observing that poetry rendered you a fit subject for the insane asylum."

"Well it does, almost," I resumed, "such thoughts go surging through my brain, and yet I vainly strive to utter them. That is one reason why I am so passionately fond of music, it throbs out and interprets the language of my soul."

"Divine interpreter of a divine language."

Then we rambled off into a talk about painting, and statuary, and all manner of delightful things, and presently Philip passing over to the piano, said:

"You are so fond of music, let us have some."

And he commenced singing a tender, dreamy German ballad—Ich bin Dein—full of infinite pathos and melancholy. He had an excellent tenor voice, and sang with ease and effectively. I sat entranced.

Suddenly something seemed to sadden him, he struck a false chord, rose abruptly, and took his hat and gloves to go. The beauty of the night tempted me to the gate with him; there he said,

"Shall you be at Miss Livingston's on Friday evening?"

"I expect to, if nothing happens."

"Let me come for you, it will seem like old times"—his voice had a regretful tremor. I mused a moment.

"Richard and Madeline are not good friends, besides," and I sighed bitterly, "he has been so very busy lately, he will hardly have time to go—to this to myself, then I added aloud,

"Yes, you may come."

"Good-bye."

I held out my hand, he took it an instant, then flung it from him almost fiercely.

"Why, Philip," I began, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing; forgive me," he said, hoarsely, then added, in a light tone—"Your opals burn me, that's all. Good-night," and he strode rapidly down the street.

It was early yet, so I returned to the parlor, and drawn thither by the odor of the violets, took the volume of Burns from the table and commenced looking over it. Rather abstractedly, it must be confessed, for my thoughts were running on the strange conduct of my friend, rather than the contents of the book before me. A verse with a faint pencilling beneath it caught my attention. It was the only pencil mark in the book, therefore I noted it.

"I don't know whether marked passages affect every one in a similar manner. I never underscore a line unless it vibrates directly on some intimate chord of my heart. Hence it is that in reading what others have marked, I become possessed of a guilty feeling, as of a confidence forced upon me without the knowledge of the owner; accidentally it is true, but one which I have no business to meddle with."

The verse was—

"Although thou mayest never be mine,  
Although even hope is denied,  
Thou sweeter for those despairing,  
Than sighs in the world beside."

I closed the book abruptly. If Philip St. John had a secret, it was not far from me to fathom it.

The next evening at tea John handed me a letter, saying—

"It has the St. Inagoes post-mark; from Hugh, I think."

Hugh was my eldest brother and a lawyer. He lived near a little, aristocratic, out-of-the-way town in the lower part of Maryland; on the old homestead which had been in the Randolph family from time immemorial.

The place was my childhood's home, but after my parents died I grew tired of its quietness. So, although Hugh was my favorite—he was stately and kind, and understood me better than John did—I chose to live with the latter amid the excitement of the great city.

Just now a change of any kind seemed desirable and it came.

The letter was from Hugh, and contained an urgent invitation for me to make my home with him for a time at least.

"Lucy," he said, "was very lonely, and he was obliged to be away on business most of the week. They would try and make it as pleasant as possible for me, wouldn't I come?"

I passed the letter to John, and sat absently gazing through trailing mists on the dear faces at Wood Lawn, until roused by the question,

"Shall you go, or will it be too quiet for you there?"

"I think I must," I answered, "Lucy would be hurt if I refused, besides, it's the old story of La Fontaine's rat, I'm tired of the world, and want to get back to my cheese."

John laughed.

The next moment his wife and I were deep in a discussion concerning the relative merits of various articles of spring and summer wear, Fan producing her tablets, lest any item should be forgotten, and lamenting all the while that I had such a short time in which to prepare. This was Wednesday night, and Hugh was to meet me in Baltimore on the following Monday.

John looked on helplessly and said,

"Why all she needs is a couple of calico dresses and a few books."

This assertion brought such a storm of laughter and good-natured sarcasm about his ears, that he was glad to entrench himself behind his whiskers and the evening paper.

My feelings that night were of rather a mixed description, that soon resolved themselves into two queries—what will Richard say?—how will Richard feel?

The next morning early Fan and I started out upon a shopping expedition. After that I had some calls to make and she left me.

The last one was on Madeline Livingston. She expressed neither surprise nor sorrow at the news of my intended departure, merely laughed one of her little sarcastic laughs, and said:

"Why, child, you'll die of ennui in that wilderness."

I walked home in the sweet May twilight, crying silently all the way, and feeling impossibly lonely and sorrowful; would no one miss me?

It was late on Friday evening when we arrived at Miss Livingston's, and the dressing-room was empty. Of course I stood before the glass a moment, not that it was really necessary, but then it is a pleasure to know that one is not looking absolutely frightful. My dress was of floating, misty purple, with violets in my hair and pansies on my bosom. Purple suited my complexion, and my hair was arranged to my taste, so I felt comfortable.

Drawing on my gloves I passed to the door, where Philip was waiting for me; standing in the shadow, with his face turned from me, and evidently lost in deep thought. I tapped him on the shoulder with my fan.

"You don't look as though you were any more inclined to scenes of gaiety to-night than my tired self, but as the claims of society are not to be disregarded, we might as well descend at once."

It was not Philip's voice that answered, nor his face that, bending over mine, kissed me quietly. I drew myself up haughtily and late.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Adreon; pardon me, I thought it was St. John; where is he?"

He took no notice of my altered manner, and answered,

"I told him I would wait for you, oh! don't go down yet,—I was passing to the head of the stairs—I want to talk to you."

Who does not know the magic power of a beloved voice? I paused mechanically, and allowed him to lead me to a rustic sofa in the hall.

"What is this about your going away?"—he had heard it, then—"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," I answered, dreamily—"Six months, a year, perhaps I'll die there, for just at that moment I felt as if the latter event would make no material difference to any one, least of all to the little figure beside me."

"Oh, Ethel!" there were "tears in his voice."

After that no language was spoken save the mute one of eye and lip, yet a forgiveness was asked, a forgiveness granted, the coldness and estrangement of the past weeks forgotten, the doubts dead.

Philip met us in the lower hall, and we entered the room together just as the band was striking up the Lancers. Madeline had time to whisper a scolding behind her fan for coming so late, then she eyed me with an acute glance and said:

"What, all you? the other day you were a drooping now-drop; now something has transformed you into a heart's ease." I smiled back an answer, a smile of unconscious content. She understood it. The next moment we had taken our places for the dance.

No one knew that Richard held my promise to be his wife save Philip and Miss Livingston; and as it was not expedient that the engagement should be published just yet, he seldom devoted himself in company to me in particular.

This night was no exception to the rule, but wherever I went his tender eyes followed me, and their glances struck mine with a look of appealing that went straight to my heart.

Once, as tired and heated with the exertion of dancing, I stood in the embrasure of a window, concealed from view by folds of drapery, he came beside me exclaiming passionately,

"Oh! my darling, don't leave me, I cannot bear the thoughts of parting." And I—my heart throbbing with a wild excess of joy, I said,

"He is mine, he is mine, what though a few days will find us hundreds of miles apart. Life is long, and love eternal, and the depth and fervor of our passion will annihilate time and space."

Thus I argued. Ah, well! whatever may have happened afterwards, I know then my darling loved me entirely, even as I loved him.

Philip was my escort to the supper-room. Richard went with Madeline. The latter fact filled me with unbounded astonishment. I have intimated before that the two were not good friends. They were not. As a usual thing they seemed to take all imaginable pains to avoid each other; and when meeting casually there was a vein of sarcasm underlying the quietest commonplace that passed between them. In short they were opposing forces that no effort of mine could reconcile.

This night an armistice had evidently been agreed upon. Their manner, though still but one remove from the indifferent, was an improvement on the old style, and I was satisfied in time they would be good friends.

Richard came to me to drink wine with him, but as it is one of my oddities never to partake of that beverage in company I refused, and he went back with useful viands; a moment afterwards he and Madeline were clinking glasses.

A youth beside me who had been favoring my ears with criticisms gratis on most of those present, remarked to his neighbor,

"Mr. Adreon appears very devoted to his belle yonder; I wonder when the event will take place?"

I cast an amused glance at my companion. He answered with a queer smile, rather wintry I thought; somehow it unaccountably saddened me.

On Sabbath afternoon I had many calls, friends coming to bid me good-bye. Among the last were Philip and Madeline.

Miss Livingston was very gay, but at the door when she bent over me for a kiss, I saw that her face was wet with sudden tears. Philip went last, but not till twilight fell upon the earth. We three—Richard had been with me all day—were standing in one of the garden walks when he said,

"Ethel, give me something to remember you by—one of those flowers."

I stooped to a tuft growing just at my feet, and plucking a handful gave them to him.

"There is pantheism, that's for thoughts!" He took them, wrung my hand until I could have screamed for pain, and was gone.

I was glad of it. It was fitting that Richard and I should spend these last hours by our two selves.

We sat through the long May evening with clasped hands silently; looking at each other, and talking at rare intervals as those who will not meet for years—for in love's vocabulary Time is ignored. A day may seem like an eternity, and ages are embodied within the limits of an hour.

The last adieu was spoken, Richard had pointed to the opals and said,

"My darling, when you look at those remember that I love you, and that you are mine; mine only, 'until death do us part'; and I repeated the words after him softly.

"'Until death do us part.'"

One long kiss of passionate love and sorrow, and I was alone.

### CHAPTER II.

The house where Hugh lived was situated half a mile away from the public road. A low, wide, old-fashioned affair, gambrel-roofed, and dormer-windowed. Back of it the lawn sloped down to a river, whose waters emptied far out into the bay. There it was my delight to sit through dreamy sunsets, watching the curving ripples play upon the beach, while the floods became infiltrated with purple splendor until the sky beamed its twin; and the current floated seaward; and my soul went drifting on a flood of vague imaginings out to the great Unknown.

The summer passed quietly enough. We had no near neighbors; and as the better of St. Inagoes were of the wispy-wispy order, with very much beauty and very little brains, they were not to my taste nor I to theirs, so we seldom troubled each other. But there were quiet calls upon the river, and long rambles on the uplands, Lucy and I returning laden with marionettes of Love, Lin Breding, or royal blossoms of ornamental Magdalen, and the green wealth of trailing vines. And there were delicious talks on the moon-lighted porch, or a little later when the evenings grew chilly, within the old wainscoted library.

Altogether the days passed quite happily. But sometimes I was very lonely, with that passionate hunger for present affection which is so hard to bear; and then I would look down at my opals and remember that my darling loved me, and so be comforted. Those opals! they seemed a part of Richard's self, and every evening my last act—a very foolish one, so doubt—was to kiss the ring and whisper softly "Good-night, beloved."

It seemed to bring him nearer.

I don't know what I should have done without mail-days. Mail-days, when the sun seemed to shine brighter than at other times, or if it was raining, the drops fell with a cheery drip that was quite refreshing. Even when nothing was actually expected there was always the delicious possibility of a letter; and though when none came the glory fell away from the day, and the happiness from my life, there were others to look forward to,—and so Time passed on.

Richard's letters were neither infrequent nor untender, and once he came to me—he was just starting in life and could not leave his business office. It was Christmas day, but you would never have known it by any outward token, save that "the morning's" lash revealed a frozen tear. The sun shone warmly; and the wheat fields glowed in emerald patches with a promise of the summer. Even the black-birds perched themselves on leafless boughs, and sang in utter abandon as if they thought the spring was nigh.

But the evening was chilly, so a lumbrous Yule log glowed in the great wide fireplace in the library, and Richard and I had sipped our egg-nog, and were sitting before it. The ancestral wood burned with a spicy odor, casting its sparkles over floor and ceiling; discovering the quaint, angular faces on the back and arms of the antique, tapestry-worked chair where Richard sat, and throwing a crimson life-like glow on the marble statue of Hope in the corner.

"Richard, do you not feel very happy?"

"Yes, dear." He bent over and kissed me softly.

"I do; and yet I think the feeling must differ from other people's, because it is wanting in one element, it is not a restful happiness; or perhaps it is superior to that of others, and 'tis its fullness gives me such a strange, restless feeling. Just now, too, it has an undertone of sadness. We cannot always be together. You will go back to the city, and I shall feel doubly desolate without you."

"But it won't be for long, my darling."

"No, not for very long. Hugh intends to quit lawyering in the spring, he will be home more then, and Lucy won't be so lonely, and I shall go back."

"And in the fall, you know." I was gathered to his heart, blushing and silent.

We sat for a long time after that, without speaking, then Richard said,

"Dear, may I smoke?"

"Oh! yes." And he produced one of those horrid little briar-wood pipes that are the abomination of modern times. "If you must smoke, why don't you use a cigar?"

"Too expensive, my dear," was the sententious reply, as he fumbled in his vest pocket for matches. Something fell therefrom and clinked upon the marble hearth. We bent forward simultaneously to catch it, but the prize was mine. I fancied Richard's face looked flushed in the fire-light, possibly it was the exertion of stooping.

"Wherever did you get this?"

It was a tiny gold cross I held in my hand, a curiously chased and unwrought, and with the mystic symbol I. H. S. enameled in old German text upon its centre piece. Where had I seen it?—oh! on Madeline's chatelaine.

"Why, Richard, how did you come by this? It is Miss Livingston's."

"Yes, I know," and he puffed nonchalantly, "she lent it to me, as a sort of amulet, I imagine. She said you had witches in this region."

I laughed. My prophecies were at last realized. Madeline and he were good friends.

It was May before I went back, and I had been at Wood Lawn a year—just a year and

a day. I went round for the last time to bid my dearest good-bye, my dearest that I had watched so tenderly. The lighted lamp in the study's hearth, the portrait of my father, the sunlight, and all the dear old things, beauty. It seemed a pang to leave them—oh! what to my own light and airy life, compared with the joy that lay before me?—Lucy said, "oh! what a loss!"

"If ever you get married, or married the world, you must come back to Wood Lawn, know we shall always be glad to see you, and Hugh would be the first to welcome you."

I am afraid I laughed very heartily; I am happy?—where would that be?—at Wood Lawn?—oh! what a loss!

"Don't be too sanguine, dear, remember the words of the song, 'Sweetest thought, which is worse of earthly dream!'"

"Yes, but mine is a delusion," said I, "I am not the carriage, and was whisked away."

My first meeting with Richard on my return was not a satisfactory one. He was very quiet, very cold, I thought; and I, carrying my one from him, found him cold too. Everything was changed from what I expected; I had looked forward to being with him for so long, and now he was so formal, seeming scarcely glad to see me. After he had gone, I sat down and cried miserably for a half hour.

The next time I saw him his old outgoing manner had returned. "Some business matters had troubled him," he said; "wouldn't I forgive him for being so abstracted?" Of course I would; and I added myself for my thoughtlessness in blaming him—I, who would have died for him.

But the moodiness returned, alternating with phases of passionate feeling, when I could not doubt his continued affection, and the distant of weeks would be basked in a single hour.

Once I told him calmly, I thought we had best separate; but he seemed so hurt that I never afterwards alluded to the subject. So I possessed my soul with patience, and waited for the time when Richard should be himself again.

Madeline, too, was changed, her face had a new expression in it that puzzled me; something between hopefulness and despair. What was it? Everything else was the same, John and Fanny seemed delighted to have me back, and I ought to have been happy, but I wasn't. Not that I had the faintest suspicion of the truth, God knows I had not.

One evening I was at Madeline's, and it was arranged that I should stay with her all night. Richard had been with us in one of his "cross moods" as Madeline called them. After we went up stairs, she stood before the glass combing out the braids of her long wavy hair.

"They say it makes you forgetful to do this before retiring."

"Does it?" I said, "I think I shall have to try the remedy; there are several things I would like to forget."

She gathered up the mass of hair in a knot behind, pushed the comb into it and came and knelt by me; putting her arm around me in a half caressing, half protesting manner, as if to ward off some misfortune or danger. I turned her face partly round in order to get what photographers would call a "three-quarters' view," and eyed her with a keen scrutiny. She reddened uneasily under my glance and said,

"Well, what is it?"

"That's just what I'm trying to find out; you won't tell me your secrets, so I'm bent on an exploring expedition. Your face puts me in mind of the picture of Longfellow's Evangeline, only there is less of hopelessness in it and not so much patience, not so much need of it, perhaps," and I repeated, half musingly,

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

"Don't, don't," said Madeline, with a quick, imperative gesture, and rising hastily she turned out the gas, leaving us enveloped in total darkness. She was composed enough after that, and we talked ourselves to sleep, or rather I did, for every time I woke in the night I could feel the restless figure tossing at my side. What ailed her?

Not long after this Fan entered the room, where I was dressing, and taking up the ring which lay on the bureau beside me, said,

"Do you know these opals feel loose? If I were you I would have the setting tightened before you lose them."

I took the alarm instantly, went to a jeweler's and had them attended to; but after that I imagined I detected a slight flaw upon the amber hardness as if they were cracked. Was it fancy? I believe I was superstitious about those opals, I wouldn't have had anything happen to them for worlds. I got Fan to examine them, her quick eyes could detect nothing.

"Nothing but a little scratch," she said, so I was satisfied.

The summer had faded and faded, and September crowned the hills with yellow light. I did not leave the city during all the hot dusty months; you know why; I was busy.

Madeline flashed off to the sea-side, and



you now look again. One day I received a letter from him.

"My dear—  
There will be half a dozen of our set here on Thursday night. You must be sure and come. M. L."  
"P. S. Mr. Adrean will be here, but not till late, so Philip S. John will act the part of your 'cavalier courtois.' Address, M."

I turned over the note a long while. It was foolish, but I felt rather annoyed at the time of it. "If Richard cannot accompany me," I said, "I should think he might let me use of himself rather than leave it to Miss Livingston."

On Thursday I had a headache, and felt very little like going anywhere, but I thought it would be a pity to disappoint Philip, so towards night I dragged myself from the lounge and commenced dressing.

I drew my hair loosely off my face, and put on an old-colored silk gathered at the throat and wrists with ruffles of lace. No ribbon, nor flower, nor puff of lace, nothing but the opals flashing softly on my head. After I had glanced I found the jets of gas on either side of the dressing-table and took a survey of myself.

I was very white, with purple disks under my eyes, but my hair looked well, and my dress was becoming.

"Famously," thought I, "only I look as if I was going to my grave with these cheeks," and I rubbed them violently with my handkerchief.

"There, you have color enough," said Fua behind me. "Philip's down stairs, so don't keep him waiting."

When we entered Madeline's parlor she came towards us, exclaiming:

"Ashes and such cloth, Mrs. Randolph! do you intend taking the veil?"

"I have a notion to that off it," I replied.

"Well, some other time will do, I beg of you don't go through the ceremony to-night. Come here."

She drew me toward a side table, and robbing a vase of half its floral treasures, dropped flowers in my hair and twisted them at my throat, and named them with a gentle push, said:

"There, you look quite presentable, now go and amuse yourself, or be amused."

I obeyed meekly. Went and sat down in the corner by Mrs. Livingston. She was a very old lady and a very good one. I think if she had one specialty it was a mania for attending funerals. She entertained me with an account of the last she had been to. At another time I should perhaps have shuddered at the mournful recital, but at that moment I was in a mood when glimpses of the unseen laid—Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest—were rather pleasant than otherwise, and I listened interestedly.

She was just saying:

"Yes, my dear, about your age, it seemed a pity; they do say she died of a broken heart; that—"

Philip's voice at my elbow asked:

"Ebel, won't you lend me your opal ring a moment? Isley and I are having a geological discussion, and I want to illustrate a case in point."

I slipped it from my finger and handed it to him.

He returned presently with a face expressive of the utmost concern—

"I am afraid you will never forgive me for the accident that has happened to your gem, but we were merely examining them, when they came to pieces in my hand. See," and he held out the shining amber grains for my inspection.

"It's of no consequence," I said, but my heart gave a great bound, as I placed the frail crystal, dented of its beauty, on my finger.

"I thought they were getting loose, and went to the jeweler to have them fixed the other day. I suppose he must have injured them."

"Undoubtedly," said Philip, "I took the utmost care of them."

No more pleasure for me that night, I was impressed with a horrible, undefined anxiety. My opals gone, what next?

Madeline came to me during the latter part of the evening.

"Ebel, we want to have some dancing; there's not enough of us to make up a set, and you're such a little Partisan you won't polka or waltz or do any of the round dances unless Mr. Adrean is here, and he hasn't come yet, so go and play for us, that's a dear."

I complied, willingly enough; and after playing till the dancers were tired I would have risen, but a voice at my ear—Richard's, he had come in a few moments before—said:

"Don't get up yet, stay something. You know my favorite? Had I met thee in thy beauty when my heart and hand were free?"

I sang. Philip was standing behind me, Richard and Madeline stood each other on opposite sides of the piano; the rest of the company were playing coquetry in the front parlor. After I had finished there was a dead silence for about a minute. I glanced up at the two within my range of vision and said:

"What makes you all so quiet? any one might think—"

I stopped. Something in their faces startled me. They were both very pale. Richard's head was bent slightly forward, and he was a look half eager, half

questioning, wholly fascinated. Madeline's eyes were fixed to his, as if unwillingly, and with an expression of troubled tenderness, and sorrow, and immolation in their mingled depths.

I turned from one to the other, a new light gradually breaking upon me. Had I been hit before?

Philip bent over me, saying:

"You are ill, shivering. Come to the fire."

It was September, but the nights were cool, and a few coals burned in the grate.

Pain and dizziness allowed him to lead me to an arm-chair by the fire, where he left me in quest of wine—Afterwards I remembered that his tones were low and husky, tender even; and that his eyes gleamed with the fire of an inward excitement.

Richard came over and stood opposite, and we looked at each other. There was no compassion in his gaze, nor any lingering tenderness, only a strange stolid indifference. I knew quite as well then as I did years after, that whatever I had been to Richard Adrean—betrayed wife and sometime idol of his sickle heart—I was no more to him now than the dust beneath his feet.

The revelation was a fearful one, but it ended me with a stony calmness, the calmness of despair. Quietly, scornfully, I drew a crystal from my finger, and breaking it into a thousand pieces flung them into the fire, saying:

"You are free."

He nodded and passed over to Madeline. She put out her hand and he clasped it with a passionate gesture. There was no joy in her face and no triumph, only a deep chastened peace and restraint. A gulf had been crossed—perhaps it was wrong for her to have bridged it, but she was over now, and there was no returning.

All this I read while they stood there ignoring or forgetting the white, crushed figure by the fire. The voices of the euclyre players came to me as from afar off; the faint odor of the tuberoses ascended to my brain, and wrapped me about with a sickening vapor; and through it all I became conscious that Philip was begging me to drink the wine he had brought.

"Oh! Philip, let us go home," I said.

Madeline would have followed us, but I waved her back. Philip waited till I had found my wrappings, and we passed out into the dark, pitiless night together.

## CHAPTER III.

Richard Adrean was my idol—and I thought I must have died when he fell from the high place where my love had enthroned him. There is a deeper pain than the knowledge that we are strangers to those who were once ours only. It is to feel that we have built up for ourselves an image of clay, and having glorified it with virtues that existed only in our own imagination, have bowed down and worshiped it—a senseless idol.

There were his old letters to burn, some withered flowers to cast away—pale emblems of a love as dead—and his picture to return; but I put this man out of my heart for ever, and accepted the life that came to me. Not submissively, nor patiently—it is not in the nature of youth to be patient, it certainly was not in mine—but because I must.

Came October with its bleak nights and sunny noons. Sitting once in my own room in the gloom and darkness of the approaching twilight a visitor was announced—Miss Livingston.

I bade the servant tell her I would be down presently. There was a battle to be fought first. How should I meet her—cordially as of yore? All the bitter wrong, the fierce pain and mad jealousy confronted me, crying out against it. Then came recollections of our old friendship, the softening thought that she too had loved and suffered,—"and is happy," whispered a demon in my heart, but I struck it dumb, and descended.

The room was dark when I entered, and I could not see her face, but she came towards me with out-lifted hands only saying—

"Oh! Ebel, forgive me. Let us be friends."

Motioning her to a seat, I knelt beside her, striving to be calm, while she clasped me closely, silently. We sat thus until the shadows deepened into night; then unwinding her arms and rising to go.

"Kiss me just once," she said.

I kissed her quietly, with all the bitterness gone from my heart, and in its place only the old trust and tenderness.

"Madeline, I love you," I said, "we will be friends."

I went with John to the Opera one night—Fua had a prior engagement—we were early, and he strolled out into the lobby for a few moments before the curtain rose.

A gentleman from the other side of the aisle came and stood beside me.

"Whom have we with us?" said Philip—for it was he.

"Our brother," I replied ironically.

"Then, with your permission," he said, seating himself. "I suppose I can sit here awhile without incurring the risk of being called out a day hence. Besides," he continued, in a confidential tone, half comic, half serious, "I've something pretty to show you, something I want you to keep. Will you?"

"What is it?"

"A week ago we sat in the old library," his arm was around me, and my head rested where it had a right to rest—for we are one now, Philip and I.

"I don't think you've seen my treasures yet; have you, dear?"

"Your treasures?" I answered, laughing; "no, I didn't suppose you had any but me."

"Ah! but I have, look."

He took from his pocket a small ivory box. It was a handful of withered heart-

"Ode depends. Let me see it."

He put into my hand a small tortoise-shell case, silver-worked, and silver-mounted. I opened it curiously, not dreaming of its contents, and there, flashing full in my face from the purple cushion on which they rested, lay opals, acutiflute, sickle, and fair to behold. I caught my breath as if a viper had stung me, and handing them back, said, playfully:

"Why, Philip, have you forgotten your legendary lore? Opals are ominous, and I'll none of them."

He took the case, silently, understanding all that my words implied, and an embarrassed pause ensued during which I swept the house slowly with my long-sight.

A slight stir in one of the private boxes attracted my attention. The crimson curtains parted and a lady and gentleman came forward and seated themselves.

The lady was Miss Livingston, radiant with youth and beauty, and with her—Richard Adrean. His presence smote me with a keen pain—the pain that all of us must feel when the unbred dead of our hearts sit past us in the crowded street, and eyes with cold scorn in public places; stinging us with the familiar brightness of a far-off joy, that can never again be ours.

Madeline glanced towards me, but I dropped my glass and turned away. I loved her, I had forgiven her, but it was impossible for me to have recognized her then.

A woman who is forsaken by the one in whom she trusted, and is left without faith in God or man, can do either of three things. She can give up the ghost in a quiet, heart-broken way; and after her death be extolled by tender-souled old ladies and sentimental young ones as a person of exquisite sensibilities, who could not endure the harshness and cruelty of this cold world. Or she can glide through life pale and silent, be appointed directress of a sewing circle, and secretary of a female mission; eventually marrying a minister with six children, a large library, and small means. Or she can become one of Society's most devoted votaries and be sought by all as a vain, heartless coquette.

I chose the latter course; partly because I was too proud to show that I was suffering,—only the two that I have mentioned knew of my engagement, so I was spared that mortification, and too indifferent to care what people's opinions were. And partly because I loved excitement, as a drunkard loves wine, or the gambler his cards,—it drowned pain.

So I walked and talked, danced and flirted, a little more recklessly than usual, and with no outward sign to indicate the insane heart that throbbed so nervously beneath blithe eyes and smiling lips.

Philip was often with me, always thoughtful of my comfort, but neither cold nor kind, attentive nor indifferent.

A year passed away, and the half of another, then I fell ill. Nervous fever, the physician pronounced it, but John, in his wrath, gave it a new name, known as fashionable dissipation, late hours and night air.

I think there comes a time in every one's life when the "smell of fresh earth is sweeter than violets," and the idea of death—not the grim, terrible reality, but death in the abstract, I mean, with its restfulness and peace—is very pleasant. It was to me, and I drifted slowly back to life and health with a vague feeling of annoyance.

It was during my convalescence that Philip St. John appeared in a new light. He ransacked hot-houses for the choicest flowers and most delicious fruits; read to me when my eyes ached, and sang when I was weary; and just as I began thoroughly to enjoy his society, and, in a manner, depend upon him for comfort and happiness, it was decided that I should be sent to the country to recuperate. So I went back to the old house by the river, feeling very much as if I had lost something out of my life, I hardly knew what.

Philip wrote to me; coldly at first, but gradually a tenderness crept into his letters, and I grew to understand that he loved me, and was waiting patiently for the time when I should return it. My heart responded. I knew that I loved him fervently, with no girlish passion, and that the sorrow of bygone years would haunt me no more forever.

Then he came to me. It was near the sunset of a June day. Swallows twittered under mossy eaves, and the hidden trees cast long, cool shadows on the waving grass.

I stood upon the porch, hearing in the far distance the click of hoofs, as a horseman galloped swiftly up the long avenue leading to the house.

Springing from the saddle, Philip drew me into the parlor, and clasped me to his heart as if he would hold me there forever. Kissing me, he said—

"My darling, my darling, I have waited so long."

A week ago we sat in the old library, his arm was around me, and my head rested where it had a right to rest—for we are one now, Philip and I.

"I don't think you've seen my treasures yet; have you, dear?"

"Your treasures?" I answered, laughing; "no, I didn't suppose you had any but me."

"Ah! but I have, look."

He took from his pocket a small ivory box. It was a handful of withered heart-

case, with the date, May 17th, 18—, and beside them the shining grains of broken opals.

I looked at them, speechlessly, it seemed as good to think he loved me even then.

"Yes, darling, even then," was his answer to my unspoken thought.

"And I've something else here that I offered you once before, and you refused. I'm afraid to ask you again."

"Try me," I said.

He gave me a small tortoise-shell case that I recognized, and in it was a ring that I remembered.

Beside the golden circles that had rested there for many a week, I placed the glittering opals. Ominous no longer, nor fraught with memories of a living anguish. For beside me rested the true heart that was to be mine through life—here and tender, faithful to the last.

## A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,

What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife."

I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,

"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;

And if sought but marriage will settle my fate,

I believe I shall die in an unsettled stage;

For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?

You might easily find a more beautiful phis;

And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain.

He who seeks for perfection will seek Aeneas in vain.

Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,

And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse."

To take the first booty that graciously came

And offered those treasures—his home and his name.

I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,

But why should I think of such chances at all?

My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,

Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?

I know that in business I'm not an adept,

Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;

But this is the question that puzzles my mind—

Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,

Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

—Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

Charles Forbes, of Portland, a year ago grafted a pear scion into a mountain ash, and the ash has borne an abundance of pears this season.

RETURNED HOME—Mr. Ferrester, Generalissimo of the armies of the Emperor of China, has returned to Clayton, in Jefferson County, New York, his native town, on a furlough of one year. He had been taken prisoner by the rebels and put to the torture. He was afterward ransomed, and his absence is for the purpose of recruiting his health.

NEW TACTIC—A Western paper says that an Arkansas rebel Cavalry Colonel mounts men by the following order: First order—"Prepare for ter git onto yer creeter." Second order—"Git!"

A certain preacher at Appleton, Wisconsin, in a sermon, made the following comparison in dissecting the miser—"The soul of a miser is so shriveled that it would have more room to play in a grain of mustard seed than a bullfrog would in Lake Michigan."

PARADOXICAL—It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a man than any other kind.

GUNN NAMED—The guns in several of the batteries on Morris Island have been named by the men. For in one we find the following appellations, among others, have been given—"Baby Waker," "Whistling Dick," "Brick Driver," and "Crasher."

The father of Harriet Hamer, the sculptor, who was a physician of great experience, was accustomed to say—"There is a whole life-time for the education of the mind; but the body develops in a few years; and, during that time, nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth."

Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning; his daily cross, his daily duty, and his daily privilege—how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood, and that of his sweetheart, mingle in the same—mosquito.

WINTHROP—He bore hardships with the courage and imperturbable good-nature of a born gentleman. It is when men are starving, when the pining of romance is worn off by the chafe of severe and continued suffering—it is then that "blood tells."

A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is, nor yet above it.

Agree pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same—hewers of wood and drawers of water.—Baker.

## MRS. ALICE CHAMBERLAIN HAYES.

Mrs. Alice Chamberlain Hayes, a popular author in the department of fiction and juvenile literature, died at her residence at Mamaroneck, Westchester county, on Sunday, August 23, aged 55. She was a native of Hudson, N. Y., her maiden name being Emily Bradley. While still a school girl, she furnished a series of brilliant sketches, under the pseudonym of Alice G. Lee, to The Saturday Gazette, a weekly journal then recently established in Philadelphia by Mr. Joseph C. Neal. This led to an intimate acquaintance with the editor, and in 1846 she became his wife. At his request she assumed the name of Alice, which she retained during the remainder of her life. Their union continued but a single year, and on the death of Mr. Neal in 1847, she undertook the editorial charge of The Saturday Gazette, which she conducted successfully for several years. At the same time, she was a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to some of the leading periodicals of the day. Her principal work, entitled "Gossips of Riverton," was published in 1850, but she is still more favorably known by her admirable juvenile productions, "Kiss Me Now," "No Such Word as Fail," "Out of Debt Out of Danger," "The Cooper," and others of similar purport and equal merit. Her writings are remarkable for their facility and gracefulness of expression, the beauty of their illustrations, their spirited flow of dialogue, and their elevated moral and domestic tone. She was married in 1858 to Mr. Samuel L. Hayes, and afterward resided in the vicinity of New York until her death.

A DEAD MAN COMES TO LIFE—CINCINNATI.—We yesterday reported that Mr. Henry Myers, residing on Olney street, had been killed by lightning. An inquest had been held on the body and life pronounced extinct. Yesterday every preparation had been made for his funeral, his friends had assembled, the body been duly clothed, the relatives had put on mourning, and the hearse and the priest arrived, and the coffin was about to be closed up, when the arms of the corpse were observed to move, and very soon, wonderful to relate, the dead man sat bolt upright in his coffin, and, after surveying the scene for a few moments, inquired the cause of all the gloomy preparations he was going on. The joy of his weeping wife and little ones can be imagined when they found the dead had actually returned to life, and the house of mourning was soon turned into a house of rejoicing—the funeral in a feast. The electric shock had suspended animation for over twenty-four hours so perfectly as to deceive even the coroner, the man's wife and all his friends. Although apparently, and we might say, *de facto*, a living man, still the lightning having killed him, the coroner having pronounced him dead, and the newspapers published the fact, he is *de jure* a dead man. It might become a nice question whether a man has a right to come to life again, after being duly killed and pronounced properly and legally dead, or not. We submit it to the professionals at the Provoct Court bar.—N. O. Bru, Aug 15.

THE RESTORATION OF PICTURES—A Munich letter describes a marvellous discovery which has been made by a Herr Pettenkofer. He has contrived a process whereby the ravages of half a dozen centuries can, in the course of a few days, be removed to perfection. A painting which the encrustations of ages have rendered an unintelligible blotch, on which neither form nor color is any longer distinguishable with certainty, becomes in Pettenkofer's hands transformed at once into a picture as fresh and brilliant as the most experienced connoisseurs would judge it to have left the easel but yesterday. By the most convincing and unimpeachable experiments Pettenkofer demonstrated before the Government committee and the Munich Academy of the Plastic Arts, the truth of this theory, and the wonderful perfection of his new process. As Pettenkofer has scientifically ascertained the true cause of the effects in question, he is able to produce the work of centuries in a few days or hours. He cannot only make an old picture look like a new one—he can do the reverse. He can make a picture which is fresh from the artist's hand look as if it were four or five centuries old, putting in cracks, blotches, discoloration, encrustations, in a way which would deceive the most experienced eye.

QUESTION FOR MEDICAL MEN—It has been repeatedly stated, and the fact verified by the independent observation of many witnesses, that the bodies of the rebel dead on our battle fields, turn blacker and burst sooner than the corpses of the National soldiers. An officer in Tennessee, writing to a friend in Pittsburgh, on the subject, says:

"I told you that I would keep in mind the matter when I returned to the field, and endeavored to see for myself a confirmation of so curious a statement, for I could not believe that such was the rule, though my exception I could not imagine. Your son, and your friend, the undertaker, tell you this from the East, and I nearly a thousand miles west of them, corroborate their statements. While conversing with some officers, the other evening, I introduced the subject. All bore witness to the curious fact."

There are two theories respecting the cause of this phenomenon. One is, that the rebels drink more whiskey than our troops, and the other is that they eat less salt.

WASN'T MUCH ACQUAINTED WITH HER HUSBAND—Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following from the Journal, about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost Marshal—"She gave an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the one hundred and sixth Illinois regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' 'About three years ago.' 'That was before the war, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'Why did you not go with him?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?' 'Yes, I did. I had only been married to him at a year, and I wasn't going to leave my husband and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know much about.' 'What could he do but discharge her?'

Education is not only the giving of information, but the developing of power.

THE CHOCOLATE—We sometimes find the chocolate from our confectioners, is regarded as the most valuable, in different ways:

New Hampshire.—They once captured a Crows of all kinds looking well. Found in a forest.

Connecticut.—Potatoes and corn produce well. Apple crop about an average; pumpkins, peaches, and melons, were widely abundant. Wheat good. Large yield of peas, potatoes, and apples.

Illinois.—The frost about the middle of last week did much damage, and corn, potatoes, and melons, were widely injured. Wheat good. Large yield of peas, potatoes, and apples.

Michigan.—Wheat an average. Fruit abundant. Corn, injured by frost. Hay good.

Illinois.—Wheat fair. Fruit abundant. Corn fine in some localities. Sorghum good. Canada.—Crops of all kinds are promising. Wheat looks well, but some damage by the midge.

A WHALRY ENGLISHMAN KILLED BY SHARK'S EXTRACTOR.—Among the ships in Gen. Sibley's expedition was John Bennett, a whaling Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, and formerly officer on the staff of Lord Raglan. He had come from England on a buffalo hunt in the Northwest, and received a nominal position upon Gen. Sibley's staff to gratify his taste of adventure. And reconnoitering service, he was caught in a bush and shot down with two broad arrows, the savages scalping him and taking off one side of his head while he was alive. He leaves a splendid yacht and a large library in New York.

A NEW BAROMETER.—M. Sarragon, of Valencia, has studied the phenomena as which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into the cup; and the result of these observations is thus stated:—"If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, and the globules form a firm mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring around the sides of the cup it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His dismissal reads thus:—"A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1903.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EVELYN LYTH," "THE CHAMBERLAIN," &c.

MARION HARLAND, Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIDWINTER," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted to AGRICULTURE,



## NOT A GOOD COPY!!

[illegible]



## The Riddler

**KNIGHT**

MYSTERY.  
 WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
 I am composed of 22 letters.  
 My 4, 30, & 12, 32, represents the character of  
 my all.  
 My 21, & 10, 14, is little known to my all.  
 My 4, 18, 19, 9, represents the feelings of my  
 all.  
 My 1, 2, 11, represents the number of parts  
 composing my all.  
 My 21, 9, 12, 7, expresses the entire wealth of  
 my all.  
 My 14, 2, 30, is the abbreviation of my all.  
 My 15, 2, 17, is a condition sometimes be-  
 known to my all.  
 My 18, 22, 4, 7, 18, is what my all puts them  
 upon.  
 My 4, 18, 19, 22, will express the feelings  
 of my all.  
 My all never was and never will be.  
 Georgetown, D. C. Capt. J. R. P.

### RIDDLE.

**RIDDLE.**

**WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**

My 1st is in live, but not in die.  
My 2nd is in sigh, but not in cry.  
My 3rd is in lack, but not in pride.  
My 4th is in walk, but not in ride.  
My 5th is in this, but not in that.  
My 6th is in lean, but not in fat.  
My 7th is in set, but not in dance.  
My 8th is in spear, but not in lance.  
My 9th is in sweet, but not in sour.  
My 10th is in minute, but not in hour.  
My 11th is in cord, but not in foot.  
My 12th is in tree, but not in root.  
My 13th is in more, but not in most.  
My whole is a contributor to *The Post*.

Captains I. R. CHESTER.

Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

**PROBLEM.**

**PROBLEM.**

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of land, the sides of which is impossible to measure by a chain. In order to find the area of this land, I commence at its corner which I find marked by a cedar tree, this is the North end of the North and South line which bounds the West side; from this cedar I measure due East 30 rods, where I find a poplar tree; from this poplar the second corner, which is marked by a cherry tree, bears due North, distant, I find, 40 rods; I then go back to the poplar, and measure from thence due East 40 rods, to an elm, from this elm I find the third corner (marked by a flag-staff) bears due North 40 rods; I now go back to the poplar, and run due South 30 rods, to a walnut tree, from which I find the sixth corner bears due West 30 rods, marked by a large rock; from the walnut tree to the elm is 60 rods, and at right angles with this line (that is the line from the walnut to the elm, at the elm), the fourth corner, marked by a hickory, is 30 rods distant; and at right angles with the said line between the elm and elm, at the walnut, the fifth corner, marked by an oak tree, distant 60 rods; hence the boundary lines of the land is:

|     |     |                                |
|-----|-----|--------------------------------|
| 1st | due | from the cedar to cherry tree. |
| 2nd | "   | " cherry to flag-staff.        |
| 3rd | "   | " flag-staff to hickory.       |
| 4th | "   | " hickory to oak.              |
| 5th | "   | " oak to rock.                 |
| 6th | "   | " rock to cedar.               |

From these distances it is supposed that the area can be found.

A. J. D.

*Lena, Illinois.*

## CONUNDRUM

**CONUNDRUMS.**

☞ When is coffee like the soil? Answer: When it is ground.

☞ The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop.

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**ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.**

**ENIGMA.**—Battle of Galnes' Hill. **ENIGMA.** Sewing silk. **RIDDLE.**—"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

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**Answer to PROBLEM by Andros,** published 11th.—100 acres, in both fields. One field 130 rods square; the other 40 rods square. Price \$3.25 per acre.—**A. MARTIN, E. HAGERTY, WILL BATES, and FRANCIS HIBBARD.**

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**Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM,** published 15th.—61 degrees, 21 minutes, 9 seconds.—**E. HAGERTY.**

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**Answer to my own PROBLEM,** published 19th.—Length of division lines, 2.25, 2.86 and 2.84 rods; and distance of plains from center of sphere, 0.75 and 2.41 inches on one side, and 1.13 inches on opposite side or direction.—**HAGERTY.**

**THE PROBLEM** by E. Haggerty. Pp.

answer to **PROBLEM** by E. Hagerty, published July 18th.—For sphere and circle respectively 8.77, 9.16, 9.66, 9.77 and 8.65, 8.94, 9.26, 9.4.—GILL BATES, Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

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Answer to Gill Bates's **PROBLEM**, published June 27th.—192098.890629 feet, or 34,608,121 feet above the earth.—FRANCIS W. HIRSHKOPF, Mo.

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22570.667 feet.—E. HAGERTY, Baltimore.

Taking the force of gravity at 32½ feet, and allowing sound to move 1143 feet per second, which last distance was misprinted in the **Problem**,) the required height is 31087 177-163 feet. A. MARTIN, Venango Co., Pa.

We think it would be well for the author of **Problem** to send word through the columns of **The Post** which answer he deems correct.—ED. RIDDLER.